

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

DAILY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

Volume I.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY ULYSSES WARD.

Number 42.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1846.

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,

EDITED AND PUBLISHED DAILY
BY ULYSSES WARD.
At One Cent per Number.
Office on Pennsylvania avenue, a few
doors East of the Railroad.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
1 square of 14 lines, 1 insertion 37 cts.
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culars, Cards, Handbills, etc., etc., on as
good terms as at any other office.

To the friends of Temperance and the
public generally we now make our appeal
in behalf of this paper. The publisher
feeling it a matter of importance to the in-
terest of the Temperance cause in the Dis-
trict, as well as the general interest of the
cause, and having been, as he conceives,
Provisionally placed in a situation at this
time when he can mingle this interest with
that of the business men, and thereby ren-
der a double service to the community, and
still further open a medium of communica-
tion by which our principles may be ex-
tended far and wide, at a cheap rate. He
has purchased a printing establishment, so
as not only to be able to put a daily paper
regularly to press, but also a weekly; and
still further, be able to do any other print-
ing the public may be pleased to have done;
and he assures them that they shall have
no cause of complaint. He has made ar-
rangements by which he can devote his
time to the interest of the office and the pa-
per; and, having employed Mr. Charles W.
Fenton, who will be always on the spot, to
conduct the printing, he has no doubt but
that general satisfaction will be given. We
shall make arrangements to have the earliest
news; also the proceedings of Congress.

We wish all who are indebted for the pa-
per up to this time to pay up, as the affairs
of the tri-weekly must be closed. They
will perceive that we are about to give
them a better paper, double the number, at
the same price.

While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will
be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its
columns will be enriched by original articles
on subjects calculated to interest, instruct,
and benefit its readers. It is intended so to
blend variety, amusement, and instruction,
as that the various tastes of its patrons may
be (as far as it is practicable) gratified.
Commerce, Literature, and Science, and
every other subject of interest, not inconsis-
tent with Temperance and morality, will re-
ceive the earnest attention of the publishers.
Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal
character will be admitted.

A CARD.

The subscriber begs leave to say to members
of Congress and others, that he has several
good rooms which he will let on accommodating
terms, either furnished or unfurnished, located on
the South side of Pennsylvania avenue, between
9th and 10th streets, and equidistant between the
Capitol and the public offices. I have also two of
the best cellars in the city, which I will rent in
part or the whole, or receive goods on storage.
This is a good opportunity for butchers or market
people. L. S. BECK.

JUST FROM THE MINT!!!

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

L. S. BECK & SON, would take this method
of notifying the citizens of Washington
and the adjacent counties of Maryland and Vir-
ginia, that they have commenced the house fur-
nishing business in all its various branches, on
Pennsylvania avenue, South side, between 9th and
10th streets, where they intend keeping a constant
supply of new and second hand goods, and prom-
ise to sell on the most reasonable terms. We,
therefore, solicit a call from our friends and the
public generally, as we intend selling at a VERY
SLIGHT PROFIT. We would enumerate in
part the following: Ivory, Buck and Cocoa han-
dled do; Carvers, Forks and Steels; Shovels,
Tongs and Pliers; German Silver, Britannia and
Iron, Table, Dessert and Tea Spoons; Ladles,
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Rods; Tea Waiters, assorted sizes; Brass Candle-
sticks; Britannia Tea and Coffee Pots, Writing
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Hatchets, Hearth, sweeping Whitewash, Dusting
Shoe, and Horse Brushes; Britannia and Painted
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Nov 29-41

WILL be opened this day at Mr. S. A. PAR-
KER'S a few new style Evening Dresses.
Jan 3-31st Penn. avenue, bet. 9th and 10th st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE NOBLE RETALIATION.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

CHAP. I.—THE MERCHANT.

It was the night before Christmas, five
years ago. Snow lay on the sidewalks to
the depth of several inches, and the wind
came whistling through key-holes and cran-
nies, and whirling the falling flakes against
the window-panes. The lights glittered
gaily nevertheless, in the well-stored win-
dows of the innumerable shops with which
New York's great thoroughfare—Broad-
way—is lined, while here and there a gleam
of ruddy brightness shone out from the
tapestried casements of some aristocratic
dwelling upon the murky atmosphere, and
the thrilling laugh of the gay and beautiful
mingled its tones with the voice of the
storm without.

On such a night as this it was, that Mr.
Pryce Benedict—a man of liberal means
and ample income—turned from the door
of a well-known curiosity shop, and wrap-
ping securely his thickly lined cloak around
him—as well to shield himself from the
piercing blast, as to preserve from injury a
package of costly presents intended for
distribution among his little ones at home—
took his way with what speed he might to-
ward Eighth-street. Pleasant thoughts of
the delight with which his appearance
would be welcomed by his family, and of
the comfortable fireside around which they
were grouped, impatiently awaiting his
coming, crowded in rapid succession upon
his mind, and added fresh agility to his
steps. He had not forgotten his wife
among the rest, as a splendid shawl, snugly
stored away beneath one of his arms, for
which he had just given in payment a bill
to the amount of one hundred dollars, bore
ample and convincing testimony.

As he hurried along with all these things
in view, the worthy merchant was aston-
ished at hearing a groan, proceeding ap-
parently from some place near at hand.
Pausing for a moment, and looking round
to ascertain its cause, he was enabled by
the rays of a neighboring lamp, to per-
ceive, outstretched upon the steps of an
adjoining mansion, where he had fallen ap-
parently from sheer exhaustion, an attenu-
ated figure, upon which the inclemency of
the weather had already made sad ravages.

Mr. Pryce Benedict's first impulse was
to pass on—for he knew how eagerly his
advent was looked for among those whom
he had left behind, and as yet his supper
was untasted. But the sight of so much
distress in the open street, and on such a
night, awakened a dormant feeling of com-
miseration in his own bosom, and turning
back with something of self-reproach for
his hesitation, he addressed the wretched
object of his pity.

"My good fellow," said he, touching
him at the same time gently with his foot,
to arouse him from his stupor, "do you
know what you are doing? If you lie
here in the snow much longer, you'll soon
be a fit subject for the Potter's Field.
Why don't you get up and go home?"

The person thus appealed to, raised him-
self with a considerable effort upon his el-
bow, and after scrutinizing the merchant
closely for some seconds, to assure himself
that they were not the words of mockery
which he heard—replied with a discordant
laugh which made Benedict's blood run
cold,

"Home? I have no home?"

And with this exclamation he fell back
once more, and relapsed into the state of
half consciousness from which he had been
aroused.

"This will never do, my man. If you
have no home, that is no reason why you
should be wandering around in this reck-
less manner."

"What else can I do?" asked the man.
"I am penniless and starving—beyond the
power to do a bit of work, even if I could
obtain it."

"Do?" exclaimed the merchant, as if he
was much astonished at the question.
"Why, go to the Alms House, to be sure!"

"To the Alms House?" rejoined the
other, shuddering.

"Yes, to the Alms House. That is the
place for such as you, when you're not too
proud to go there; and I'm sorry to say
that's too frequently the case with you poor
people. Too lazy to work, and too indepen-
dent to accept of charity, you turn your
backs upon the world, and call it hard-
hearted and ungrateful."

The mendicant looked inquiringly into
the speaker's face, and then asked,

"Would you like to be sent to the alms-
house?"

"I? ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Bene-
dict, "what an idea! you must surely be
crazy?"

"Not at all, sir; I merely ask you a sim-
ple question, and as I have satisfied your
curiosity thus far, I have a right to be an-
swered in my turn. Imagine yourself in
my situation—"

"I'd rather not, if it's the same to you,"
rejoined Mr. Benedict.

"I only ask you to suppose such were
the case. Would you not die sooner than
enter such a place?"

"Why, really, my good man," said the
merchant, "I don't see that there's much
chance of such a calamity with regard to
myself; but since you have asked my can-
did opinion, I will say there's not much
choice between the alms-house and the
grave."

"And yet you would have me immerse
myself in a place where charity is but an-
other name for drudgery and degradation.
I am suffering for the want of a little food,
yet I would rather die than go there. Can
you blame me?"

"To tell you the truth," rejoined Mr.
Benedict, who began to wish that he had
not stopped, for it was getting late, and he
had talked longer than he intended. "To
tell you the truth, it's a subject I know
but little about, one way or the other; so
you must excuse my answering you—
Any other time I wouldn't mind it, but
you see I'm in a hurry just now, and—"

"Stay," said the outcast, grasping his
cloak as he was about moving off, "one
word."

"Well, what is it? speak quickly."

"I have not a cent to purchase a morsel
of food—much less a night's shelter."

"Oh, you want money."

"A little—a few pennies only. I would
not ask it under other circumstances, but
I am on the brink of starvation—I hope you
will not refuse me!"

"Refuse you, my man! Not quite so bad
as that, I should trust. If I am rich, it does
not follow that I should be hard-hearted.
Here," and he held out a shilling, which
the other eagerly grasped, and springing up,
was out of sight in a moment.

"That's gratitude," muttered Mr. Bene-
dict, as he resumed his walk. "He didn't
even stop to thank me. But there's one sa-
tisfaction," he added, "I'm used to such
treatment—it's what one always gets by
being charitable." And with this very con-
solatory reflection he trudged along as be-
fore, until he found himself at the place of
his destination.

Now, Mr. Pryce Benedict was not nat-
urally a hard-hearted man, as some rich
men are. Far from it. Yet he grudged that
poor, wretched, and half-famished wretch
the shilling he had just given him, while
only a few minutes previous he had ex-
pended one hundred dollars on a single
shawl, and half as much again on other
frillery, without a moment's hesitation.
Why was this? It was because the shop-
keeper, knowing his interest, and the per-
son with whom he dealt, had plied him
with flattery, while the beggar's conversa-
tion, has been characterized by any thing
but a spirit of compliment. We all have
our vanities, and Mr. Benedict had his—
why should he not?

CHAP. II.—THE MECHANIC.

Mr. Simon Richards, a hard-working me-
chanic, who barely succeeded in making
both ends meet, by the most incessant and
untiring application to his business, sallied
forth from his humble dwelling about the
same hour as that in which Mr. Pryce Be-
nedict was introduced to the notice of the
reader, bent on an errand of similar nature,
though obliged to indulge his generosity,
from the difference in their respective cir-
cumstances, on a far more moderate scale.

He had not gone a square's distance
from the door, when his ears were saluted
by the sounds of distress, and as the me-
chanic was one of those who always sym-
pathize with the unfortunate, he stopped at
once—although he had promised his wife
to return in a few minutes at farthest—and,
after searching some time, he discovered,
on directing his scrutiny into an adjoining
area, the gate of which had been left open,
a wretched fellow fallen helpless. He was
without hat or shoes—his garments ragged
and scant, and every thing about him beto-
kening the utmost misery. Richards, with
a strong sentiment of pity, raised him to a
sitting posture; and had Mr. Pryce Bene-
dict been there to look on, he would have
pronounced him at once, the same individual
to whom he had so generously tendered a
shilling.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" said the
mechanic, as he surveyed the wretched ob-
ject before him. "I'll be bound, now, he's
been the victim of some griping landlord,
and turned out, like an old horse, to die of
famine in the streets. I say, old fellow—"

The outcast, after a hearty shake from
the mechanic, slowly unclosed his heavy
eyelids, and a deep sigh broke from his
chest, like the smothered vapors of a slum-
bering volcano, accompanied by a power-
ful shudder. He glared round him wildly
for a moment, and muttered like one in a
dream—

"I can't go to the poor-house!"

"I don't blame you a bit, old fellow,"
said Mr. Richards in a tone of derision.
"Whoever wanted you to go there was no
friend of yours, I guess, if the truth were
told. Come—get up and go with me!"

"Where?—to the Alms-House?"

"To the Alms-House? what a queer no-
tion! Well, maybe we don't fare much

better, as far as the eatables are concerned,
but at any rate you won't be worked into a
galloping consumption by a pack of flint-
hearted overseers, as I have heard say they
are who allow themselves to be taken care
of by the corporation. But come—we
shall both perish here—it's as cold as Si-
beria to-night, and you don't look as if you
could stand it much longer."

As soon as the mechanic could make the
poor fellow understand, he aided him to re-
gain his feet, and they went together into a
neighboring cellar, where Richards or-
dered supper for two, and while it was pre-
paring, drew from his new acquaintance the
story of his night's adventures, from which
it appeared, that after being thrust forth
from every door at which he had applied,
and unable to obtain even a morsel of
food, he had fallen in a state of exhaustion
upon the steps of the mansion where the
rich merchant had found him.—That he
had taken the shilling given him by the
latter to a neighboring eating house, where
it was discovered to be worthless, and he
was beaten from the door in consequence.
Further than this he had no distinct recol-
lection.

Could Mr. Benedict have heard this story
as the narrator delivered it, he would
never have ceased to reproach himself for
his want of consideration; for as I have al-
ready hinted, he was not of an illiberal dis-
position, but only thoughtless. Contented
with his own situation, he rarely troubled
himself to look into the condition or cir-
cumstances of others—and thus of one half
the misery that prevailed around him he
was entirely ignorant. With regard to the
money he was, of course, as much deceived
as the person to whom he had given it; but
had he taken pains to reflect—had he not
been wholly absorbed in the happiness of
his family, he would not have contented
himself with this trifling exhibition of his
bounty; he would have done more—he
would have endeavored to benefit him
permanently. But the opportunity had now
passed, and it was to others hands that the
wanderer was to be indebted for his regen-
eration.

(To be concluded.)

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in the four classes usual in the institutions of this

country.

The government of the students is as energetic

as their circumstances seem to require. They at-

tend at least two recitations a day, and the Faculty

contemplate increasing them to three, Church and

Bible Class on the Sabbath, and are visited in

their rooms so frequently as to preclude the dan-

ger of any great irregularities. It is believed no

institution in the United States has more exem-

plary young men in connexion with it. They are

all required to lodge in the College edifice, special

cases excepted.

The annual expenses are—for board, tuition and

room rent, during the winter session \$61 87 1-2; for

the summer session, \$41 87 1-2; washing, \$10; wood,

\$3 00. Total expense, \$116 75. Boarding can be

had in town at \$1 25 per week.

There are two vacations in the year, commencing

on the third Thursdays of April and Septem-

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The summer session will commence on Thurs-

day, the 22d of May. The annual commencement

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The Trustees have recently made various ar-

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Professor Baughner and Haupt are prepared to

board boys and to exercise a special supervision

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Gettysburg, Adams Co., Pa., May 3, 1845. Nov 6-41

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AND

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work—opening its pages to the free and fair dis-
cussion of antagonistic doctrines connected with
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Manufactures and the Currency.

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Office, 142 Fulton street, New York, at the sub-
scription price.

Publishers of newspapers in the United
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year.

Office of Merchants' Magazine, August 1, 1845.
dec 18-

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tice, and on the most reasonable terms, warranted
to give satisfaction. Nov. 4-41

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

THE WAR OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS;

Being a Connected History of the Various
Efforts Made to Suppress the Vice of In-
temperance in all Ages of the World;
from the Foundation of the Class of Naz-
arites, by Moses, to the Institution of the
Order of the Sons of Temperance, inclu-
sive; with a Full Account of the Origin,
Progress, and Present Prospects of the
Latter Institution. By P. S. White & H.
R. Pleasants. Philadelphia: Griffin and
Simon, 114 North Third-street. 1846.

Contents.—Book I, Chapter I, Division
of the Work; Chapter II, Wines of An-
tiquity; Chapter III, Wine an Agricultural
Product; Chapter IV, Wine, when spoken
of as a Blessing in the Old Testament;
Chapter V, Wine, when spoken of as a
Blessing in the New Testament; Chapter
VI, Wine Denounced as a Curse in the Old
Testament; Chapter VII, Wine Denounced
in the New Testament; Book II, Chapter
I, Temperance among the Heathens; Chap-
ter II, Rome; Book III, Chapter I, Imperial
Rome; Chapter II, Transalpine Nations;
Chapter III, The Discovery of Alcohol;
Chapter IV, Ardent Spirits; Chapter V, In-
temperance in Connection with the Church;
Chapter VI, Efforts to Suppress Intemper-
ance from the Apostles to the year 1800